

Fun-'n-frolic set unawed

By JIM KLOBUCHAR
Minneapolis Star Staff Writer

At the imperishable moment of 9:55 p.m. July 20 a customer in the small rear dining room of the 620 Club on Hennepin Av. put down his drumstick and cautioned Neil Armstrong 250,000 miles away:

"Don't walk under the ladder, captain. The rules ain't any different on the moon."

Thus did the unsinkable wisdom of the sidewalk engineer leap the infinity of space and put millions of kibitzers in spirit side

WHAT A BILL THIS'D BE!

WASHINGTON, D.C. (UPI) —President Nixon had one worry after his historic telephone call to astronauts Neil A. Armstrong and Edwin E. Aldrin Jr. on the lunar surface Sunday—it might show up on the White House telephone bill.

"I just hope they don't charge me a toll on that call," Mr. Nixon said. The astronauts were some 250,000 miles away.

by side with Armstrong Sunday night in his walk into another world.

They withheld their jubilation and their tumult, and reserved for this unforgettable hour their simple astonishment.

Some did it reverently with a Bible at hand and quotations on their lips.

Not so solemn

But the sight of Armstrong and Buzz Aldrin's boyish frolic on the face of the moon made it hard for the marveling viewer to invest this magical night with any sustained apocalyptic solemnity.

His attention span, for one thing, was not that generous. In Minneapolis, no less than any other town in Minnesota or on earth, the world did not stop spinning at the moment that two of its sons walked on the unearthly for the first time.

"I'd say," guessed a waitress at the 620, "that about the same percentage of customers at the front bar here are ignoring the

television as they do the Twins' game or the 10 o'clock news, which is about 70 percent."

The visitor intercepted a stout middle-aged couple in the midst of an uncertain turning movement as they danced illegally near the front door.

"Aren't you going to stop to watch Armstrong and Aldrin?" the visitor asked.

"Since when did they put

in entertainment at the 620?" the woman asked.

"No, these are the moon-walkers. They're about to collect rock samples."

Agates sifted

"Good," the dancer said convivially. "Let me know if they find any agates. We always used to go hunting for agates up at Lake Superior. Wouldn't it be

WATCH

Turn to Page 11A

Moon gets costly

HOUSTON, Texas (AP)—Two Apollo 11 astronauts left behind one of the most expensive junk yards in the universe when they lifted off from the moon today.

They discarded almost \$1 million worth of cameras, tools and breathing equipment up there.

The cameras included the black and white television camera that captured their moon walk for the world. This camera cost the National Aeronautics and Space Administration \$250,000.

Also in the litter—a Kodak worth \$50,000 and a Hasselblad camera that cost \$11,176.

After returning to the moon lander's cabin, the astronauts opened the hatch

to a high of Aldrin Jr. and

Armstrong's loading rock lander, said astronauts physician

Both men 70-75 beats a

As the two surface in strong's heart minute. At Aldrin's heart time.

Shadow

WATCH

Continued From Page One

something if after all these years they found agates on the moon?"

Overcome by the tension and suspense, they sat down at the bar and ordered another beer to ponder the geological significance of such a discovery.

The visitor threaded into the rear dining room, where the downtowners who were caught away from their television sets sought refuge from the oblivious partying next door.

A man with a pipe sought to explain the historicity of the moment to his earnestly listening companion.

"Where they're walking now," he said, "that's called the Sea of Tranquillity. Actually, it's a crater, where the water from one side flows north and the water from the other side flows south."

"I beg your pardon," a stranger said across the table, "I don't think there's any water on the moon."

Switch argued

"Well," the pipe-smoker said, "you get all versions, don't you. It depends on what channel you're watchin'. Maybe we ought to switch to Channel 4."

A small argument now developed among the moon-watching engineers and it was not unlike a hundred thousand small arguments on New Year's Day and the bowl games. So the visitor fled from history briefly to encounter the keepers of the city in order to find out how law and order was being observed here on earth on this one night above all

when good will must prevail.

"A tranquil evening, you might call it," said a poetic officer. "On the very second Armstrong was filling his contingency scoop with sand and pebbles on the moon, we got a report of a loose horse on Westwood Dr.

"It may have been eerie for Armstrong, but it was very normal for Westwood. We ain't come so far, after all."

Splash, breezy Hennepin was quiet and faintly introspective. The ushers at the Mann Theater were sweeping out. "They came in here," one of them said, "a lot of them talking about the moon landing, but there were just as many of them here as usual on Sunday."

On 3rd Av. N. firewagons charged toward a five-alarm warehouse fire, followed by the predictable retinue of sight-seers and thrill-chasers.

"Two men are walking on the moon," an officer said to his partner at a barricade three blocks away, "and 300 people come running into the loop to watch a fire."

And so the inquirer drove back home, where a 5-year-old girl had left two tiny American flags and a lopsided drawing of the moon under the television set. He would have sworn there was also a sugar cookie there for Armstrong and Aldrin.

And here, perhaps, in millions of homes around the world, lay the authentic wonderment of the man on the moon.